

# RESTORATION

VOL. VIII.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—DECEMBER, 1954

No. 1.

## Our Yukonites Wish You A Mary Christmas

By Mamie Legris

We are slowly but definitely working toward the day when we can say that Maryhouse is in order, and we are ready to enter any missionary or parochial activity the duty of the moment provides, and thus seriously begin our apostolate in the Yukon.

When I last mentioned our building project, I told you that our living quarters were completed, blessed and consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Our next move was into the men's hostel where we renovated and repainted the rooms and built a small bathroom. Now that section boasts a little dining room, a bathroom, and a room containing five beds for the men who come to us for lodging.

### Ready For Women

We concentrated next on the women's hostel — which is two alcoves of two beds each — and then we moved on to the library. It is a fairly large cheery room with rows of book shelves on either side. At the front, a tiny bathroom is on one side and a cloakroom on the other. Gay curtains veil the windows. More and more books are being added to the shelves. And the few pictures, plants, knick-knacks, and chairs we have contribute their share to making the room homey and comfortable.

It takes but a few minutes to give you the completed picture but several months of work went into it. There was lumber to be sanded, shellacked and varnished, metal pipes to be procured (and we shopped around a lot to get free ones) welded, threaded and painted; curtains to be made out of used materials, and dyed; second-hand furniture to sand, varnish and upholster; and a hundred other little details.

We had as many as thirteen people at a time to feed, and to find beds for. And of course, you know, they came when all the beds were apart and the rooms in a state of disorder. That however, did not phase us. It takes but a short time to put mattresses on the floor and make up some temporary beds for the weary.

### Water Is A Problem

Then there was the plumbing problem. At present water is delivered in barrels each week for a small sum, and the toilets are emptied weekly for a larger sum. This set-up is not unsatisfactory in an ordinary household; but when one has a hostel and there is plenty of laundry to do, dishes to wash, and cleaning to be done, something more convenient and time-saving is a must.

The sewer and water lines are owned by the Army and Air Force but will be taken over by the city next spring. A sewer runs right past our

door, so we thought it would be a simple matter to get permission from the authorities to tie onto their line. Those we contacted felt that there would be no difficulty because of our work of charity. And so we waited for the green light while the days grew cooler and colder and shorter. It finally came — a negative reply. Well, at least we had an answer and knew where we stood. The only alternative was to build a septic tank, so on November second, Louie and Bert did just that. It wasn't easy and it wasn't cheap but we all agreed that if Our Lady wanted us to get things the hard way, we'd go along with her. She will pay big dividends and has already made a few substantial down-payments.

### Lost—Two Children

Not long ago we were the guardians of two abandoned children for nearly two weeks. You should have seen us going through our clothing department to find suitable clothes for them, getting toys and putting up cribs not to mention the novelty of having two little ones running, climbing, crying, and tumbling in Friendship House. There were no dull moments. When their mother finally came to take them home, we were sorry to lose them.

A young girl who several months ago stayed in our hostel 'til she got work and a boarding house, is another whom we have been able to help in a small way. She became quite ill recently and asked if she could spend the night in Maryhouse, in case she needed help.

I was surprised. I was very happy to think that a teenager who was hundreds of miles from home — who really had no home — felt we were her friends and would give any assistance that was possible.

We made her comfortable. The next day, with the doctor's orders, I took her to the hospital. She was a very sick girl. Days later she was discharged, had a substantial bill to pay, and no place to recuperate. So Maryhouse was the solution. We thank God He directed this lovely girl to us, and we had the privilege of helping her.

### Found—One Man

One evening a priest phoned that he had sent a man to our place. Shortly afterwards the man arrived. His story was similar to so many others you hear these trou-

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## The Birthday of a King!

By Natividad Estigoy

It is the hour of midnight, And the wearied world is stilled, When suddenly the darkness With LIGHT and LOVE is filled: And Christ is born of Mary While a host of angels sings, And the stable is a palace, And a Child the King of Kings.



GLORIA  
in excelsis  
DEO

## How Snow Became A Tremendous Bonfire

By Catherine de Hueck

Of all the tales I heard in my childhood, that of the "burning snow" as we used to call it, was my favorite. It is Russian or maybe Polish in origin. My father used to tell it to us before carolling time. And as everybody knows, carolling starts early in Russia.

At first, to help everyone prepare for Christmas, the singers sing songs of Advent, and of a little girl who waited in silence to become THE BOGORODITZA — the Mother of God. That silence of hers was so full of songs that truly it is said, if singers only listened to it, they would have enough until the end of time. Then, by the twentieth of December, one started really to sing about the Christ Child Himself and all that befell Him and others on that hallowed night.

### The Tale Begins

So "before carolling time" would naturally mean around about the first week of Advent, the second at the latest. Sometimes, just to tease us, Father would appear to forget all about the favorite tale . . . but that did not last long, for we would be coaxing him . . . until, with a smile, he would give in. He would settle us around the fire place and begin.

Long ago and far away, when Christianity was yet quite new to Russia, the

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## Madonna House Plans Impossible Additions

By Catherine Doherty

Our dining table is shaped in a big letter "U," by putting three long tables together. At the head table Eddie and I sit, and visiting priests and guests. At the two others, sit the Staff, the Visiting Volunteers, and the long term guests.

As I look over the crowd of thirty or more people, I can't help marvelling at God's ways, and deciding, once more, that in truth, "THEY ARE NOT OUR WAYS."

### It Grows Tall

Who would have thought, twenty-four years ago, that the little seed of Friendship House would grow into this sturdy tree — with quite a few branches—to give shade from the noonday sun and its dangers to many a pilgrim on life's highway?

But grow it did, passing the test of vicissitudes! Grow it did, in spite of so much that should have stopped its growth or stunted it. And to my mind come words that I kept repeating through the years. "If Friendship House is built by human hands it will perish . . . if by the Holy Ghost it will survive." Well it has survived for twenty-four and one-half years. And it is still growing, I hope, not only in size but in wisdom and grace.

Yet, incredible as it seems, its physical growth strains at the seams. Only last Fall, surveying the new chapel wing added to the original six-roomed house, we all declared that at long last THERE WAS ENOUGH ROOM to live, eat, and put away all the things we needed to put away!

### We Are Cramped!

But look at us now. What do I talk about when I kneel before the Infant of Prague in our chapel at night? (I have a great devotion to Him, and Christmas is indeed my beloved feast in more ways than one). You would be surprised! I am too. But then He is, they tell me, the patron of desperate cases, a better one even than His servant, St. Jude. I talk to him about our desperate need for space!

The once huge cellar has shrunk.

There are ten beds for our male staff. At a moment's notice they must become twelve, fifteen, or as many more as the needs of Christ and the number of guests may warrant.

And the expanding maintenance service, which our expanding work demands — garden tools to be repaired and sharpened, tables and benches to be built for the growing crowds of our Catholic Action summer school or those who participate in our ever-widening local activities — this expanding service, our carpenter's shop,

our electrician's table, and our "hobby corner," all eat up valuable space.

The female staff has long ago overflowed St. Martha's Dormitory, their original H.Q. Now some live crowded into two extra cottages, one unwinterized. St. Catherine's domain — a log cabin where we house sick, visiting, or vacationing priests (yes we have this blessed apostolate to priests too — it is a beautiful spot to rest or convalesce in — priests are most welcome to avail themselves of our facilities — no charge made) also needs more space. Alleluia!

### It's Hard To Breathe

And the kitchen!!! How would you like to feed . . . between 30 and 122 people a week, depending on the seasons, in a tiny kitchen built originally for a family of six??? Well we have done it by some sort of miracle, probably with the help of Mary and Martha. Surely, without them, it would not have been possible.

So you see, dear friends, why this Christmas will find me constantly before the crib of the Infant Christ, the helper of impossible cases. I am going to BEG Him to remember He too was a builder, a carpenter, and that we just have to have:

AN ADDITION TO OUR KITCHEN (some 20 feet or so).

A Man's House—St. Gupil, after whom the "male section" of the basement is named, must help me to tell the Lord that his martyrdom was of shorter duration than theirs is in the overcrowded chilly basement.

And — I will enlist St. Catherine's, St. Veronica's, and St. Peter's help for this — the extensions built for priests and for our Staff Workers.

### Impossible? So What?

The cost will be, I know at least \$25,000 in material and labor.

Well do I know I am asking the impossible . . . but then I will be asking it in the right place — A STABLE (surely an impossible place for the Lord to be born in?) And from Him who alone is Lord of the impossible . . . God became man for love of us!

Then, when I have laid at His feet my only gifts—our needs to serve Him better—I will ask for the last expansion . . . new space in the world, starting with Canada . . . space in this land and in

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Canada

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

This Christmas of 1954 seems very special . . . following as it does upon the Marian year, just ended. It seems to lay itself at the feet of Mary . . . even as the Child did that first Christmas.

It comes in a special sort of way . . . as the fruit of yet another ADVENT of Mary's. The Advent of her arrival in Light upon the whole of Christendom. Always, from the very day of the first Pentecost, the love and veneration of Mary the Mother of God, was present in the Church.

St. Luke brought her forth in his Gospel. The Fathers of the Church, giants of wisdom, grace, sanctity, and knowledge, unfolded resplendently the place she occupied in the slowly growing theology of the Church.

As time went on, the Shepherds of Christians, one by one, with infallible voice, proclaimed truths regarding the Virgin Mother. Truths to be believed, if one is to call oneself a Catholic, by all members of the Mystical Body of Christ, His Church.

Majestically, led by the hand of her spouse, the Holy Ghost, Mary emerged from the deep holy shadows of her silence and her effacement—to mount the steps of Truth—which revealed themselves to men as men's minds were ready to accept them.

Side by side with this inner spiritual unfolding, came a series of authenticated apparitions of Mary herself . . . until, clear and perfect, she stood revealed to the gaze of Her human children as the mother she is!

No wonder this century has been called THE MARIAN AGE . . . and the year 1954 . . . THE MARIAN YEAR!

And so this coming Christmas is special. Once more our spiritual eyes turn toward the old yet ever new story of Bethlehem, stable, manger, mother, Child, St. Joseph, shepherds and foreign kings. We should and must, take stock of what has gone before, pausing prayerfully before the growth, on our spiritual horizon, of the Woman Clothed In Silence, who suddenly became so articulate in her many apparitions, and who began to take such a central place in the theology and the dogmas of the Church.

Just as prayerfully, we must study her messages through those apparitions, and studying, understand that each and everyone calls us to repentance, prayer, and mortification. Once we do . . . the love and mercy of God will become apparent to us; for it is its immensity, its infinite depths, that have brought Mary to us . . . her children lost to the TRUTH AND THE WAY . . . WHO IS HER SON.

Let us then, this Holy Christmas, journey to Bethlehem with hearts cleansed with tears of compunction . . . with souls filled with humility and simplicity, fruits of our love of the Infant Christ. Then the sublime mystery of the Incarnation will open itself before us — at least a little more than now when our minds often render but lip service to it — and, enfolding us into its glory, will bring us the peace and joy we so hunger for.

Mother most pure, make us pure of heart, that we may, this Holy Christmas of 1954 which lies at your feet as once your Child and your God, and ours lay on that harsh straw in a stable of Bethlehem — see Him as you saw Him.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

There are always thirty or more people at Madonna House, and visitors often ask, "how do you manage to feed 'em, and what do you feed 'em?"

These are hard questions to answer. We can't just say that the ravens bring us tidbits; or that we trust in Heaven for all the things we need; or that we grow our own vegetables, and buy groceries at wholesale prices; or that we get a lot of food donated.

Let God Worry!

We manage better when we don't worry about where the next meal's coming from, or what the cooks are going to put into the soup today or tomorrow or the next day.

We have just emerged from a three month's so-called "starvation diet," and we confess we never ate so well. We never had it so good, as the politicians say.

We were short of money and long on staples, so we decided not to buy any more food until we had to. We picked nuts and berries and mushrooms in the woods. We got everything possible out of our vegetable gardens. We tended our pigs and chickens carefully; for well fed chicks and pigs mean well-fed boys and girls. And we hunted and trapped all the game the law allowed us.

But, in addition to all this, we received more hams and roasts and slabs of bacon and canned goods and sundry other succulent supplies than we can ever quite record. And our cooks came proudly through the emergency with many new and tasty dishes!

God Bless Our Cooks

They have at least fifty nifty thrifty ways of preparing carrots, for instance, so that one even likes the stuff! Leftovers were so skillfully retreaded — if that is the right word — that they were not left over again. The way everything tasted, nothing was wasted.

It is safe to predict that this three month's fast — pardon me, I mean feast — will be featured in new songs.

We sing at many meals in Madonna House, especially when we have guests. Most of the songs were written by the Staff Workers or Applicants or Visiting Volunteers, and set to the music of popular airs. Sometimes the boys and girls, healthy youngsters with ferocious appetites sing, in a tremendous volume of sound, even before the table is set.

"Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,  
Birds in the wilderness,  
Birds in the wilderness,  
Waiting for something to eat!"

A New Old Proverb

But, after their savage hungers have been oppressed — temporarily — they may burst out into one of their own compositions. Perhaps this helps digestion. Perhaps it makes for a chummy tummy — meaning one you can't quarrel with. Perhaps they simply like to sing. "A full stomach oft maketh a full heart." (That is an old Chinese proverb I just made up.)

At any rate they enjoy their singing. And so do those who merely sit and listen.

Quite a few of their verses pertain to food. Not, heaven forbid, that our boys and girls, are interested over-

much in that subject. It is simply their way of making light of diets that may get a bit monotonous now and then. Suppose you had soup every night of your life . . . Suppose that, when funds were low, you were fed beans, beans, beans, beans, and beans . . . And suppose that for a long time nobody donated any venison or turkeys or fresh meats of any kind . . . Would you sing about it? Our kids wrote a song that marches to the tune of Mac-Namara's Band:

"Beaucoup de bean, beaucoup de bean.

Beaucoup, beaucoup de bean."

Please Pass The Beans

This goes on and on; and suddenly it switches into the melancholy strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Like this:

"Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner,

Maybe beans for tea.

I wish I was a great big bean.

How happy I would be-ans for breakfast, etc., etc."

Then there's a merry little song these gallant gastronomes have made into a parody on the French-Canadian "Alouette." It is called "All you et." The chorus goes like this:

"Think of all the beans you et.

Beans you et. All you et.

Ohhhhhh—

All you et-a, think of all you et-a."

There are lines about "all the soup you et," and "all the omelette," and the "crepe suzette" — which is thrust into the song merely for the rhyme, if you ask me — "and think of all you aint et yet."

What? No Spaghet'?

It winds up in a stirring and heroic appeal to the brethren to think of all "you aint et yet, crepe suzette, omelette soup you et, beans you eat, all you et, Ohhhhhh!" Believe me, there is not the slightest inkling of anything like indigestion in that long "Ohhhhhh" that sigh, that roar, that joyous explosion of song and satiation!

Then there's another song the people in Madonna House love to sing. It's about the life they live here, the daily routine, the work, the study, the prayers, and their ambition to become saints. It is called, naturally "You don't have to be crazy, but it helps!"

And, as you might expect, there is one verse dedicated entirely to the everlasting soup.

"You don't have to like soup,

but it helps.

You don't have to like soup,

but it sure enough helps.

Every night the soup has savor.

Nothing changes but the flavor.

You don't have to like soup,

but it helps."

Owed To The Cook

But the song that gets the biggest laugh, even from those who sing it, and no matter how often they sing it, is called "Ode to the Cook." It is set to the tune of the "Arkansas Traveller," and the lyrics are based on facts.

"Oh, once upon a time at Madonna House

The little cook was quiet as a mouse,

Concocting a pudding for us all to eat—

'Twas a jolly little pudding that was quite a treat!

There was no vanilla, but the cook didn't care.

She whistled away on a popular air.

Said she, "This will be the best they have seen—

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## Where is Francoise?

By C. D. D.

Old friends and visitors to Madonna House ask "where is Francoise these days"? For the absence of our vivid Parisienne, Francoise De Castro, is quite obvious. It demands an inquiry. She is that kind of person. We all miss her.

She is travelling in the Diocese of St. Boniface, the French-Canadian capital of the West, that faces Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Montreal Via Combermere

How did she get there? One day last Spring two cars full of young people shepherded by two priests, stopped at Madonna House for an overnight visit. The young folks were members of the JAC — JEUNESSE AGRICOLE CATHOLIC — Young Farmers . . . part of the great Catholic Movement known as the Young Christian Workers.

The priests were their chaplains. They all were on their way to Montreal for a convention of their far flung apostolate.

Everyone sort of took to everyone else. For a while one could not quite make out what it was all about. French and English were spoken, and both going "all out."

They were asking about our apostolate, we about theirs. Questions and answers got mixed. Everyone laughed. But eventually it was all sorted out, and we really got to know each other. We hated to part.

That is the beauty and joy of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. Truly in it one feels the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, and even more deeply our belonging to the Mystical Body of Christ. At times it truly feels as if we were all one big family working toward one aim . . . which is of course the truth; only distance and the need to stress certain accents of the same glorious work do not allow this joyous coming-together often.

To Keep A Promise

When they left, promises were exchanged to keep in touch with each other. One gets richer that way in the things of the spirit. It wasn't long until a letter came from Father De Roo, one of the chaplains, inviting us to send a representative to lecture through the Diocese, to small Rural Communities, on Catholic Action in Friendship House, Canada, (we are in the Rural Apostolate too here at Madonna House) and also to discuss general principles.

There was never much question as to who would go. Our Francoise spoke beautiful French. She knew much about the celebrated people of Catholic Action in France, where they have made such wonderful and holy progress. She had been a Staff Worker at Madonna House for several years. And she was our most brilliant young teacher and speaker. There was no doubt at all. St. Boniface Catholic Actionists deserved the best . . . and the best we sent them.

Of course Francoise, was petrified. It was her first "lecture tour" in the new world. But everyone consoled her, and many suggestions were made as to saints whom she should invite to go with her.

We don't yet know for sure (Continued on Page Three)

# COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

How to begin describing Christmas in Combermere? It starts early. At least the preparations for it start early. In the first days of November the cooking files are looked over, and the best and cheapest recipes for Christmas fare are brought forth. A favorite book of ours is again taken off the shelves and re-read for the umpteenth time. **COOKING FOR CHRIST**, it is called. It holds one of the most wonderful lands of discovery you ever expected.

## Cranberry Candy

I pore once more over the yellowed pages of old Russian and Polish Holy Day goodies, remembering my childhood and the thousand stories told by my relatives about theirs.

There . . . I found it . . . the recipe for cranberry candies! Did you ever taste them? To me the taste brings back crisp autumn days when, well wrapped up, I went with the village children into the cranberry bogs and gathered bags and bags of firm, red, and partially green berries that would be put in baskets, into an old small gray barn, now converted into a storage place. There they would stay until a good hard frost turned them all red, soft, and juicy.

Then cook and mother would make batches of egg-white and icing-sugar, beaten until it stood in peaks, and flavored with vanilla or peppermint drops, or just plain. We would be allowed to roll the cranberries softly in that mixture and put them out on cookie sheets lined with wax paper, one by one, like so many soldiers. They would dry overnight and then be put into nice tin boxes, row upon row, with wax paper in between, and stored in a dry cool place. At Christmas you could bite into them. You would taste their tart taste all mellowed with the sugar coating, and smell the sweet smell of autumn and the bogs. You know you never will forget that taste thrill, even if you live a hundred years.

## And Many Other Things

Incidentally, Trudi and Shirley are making some of these very candies, as I write . . . they will taste nice at Christmas.

But cranberry candy is just one item that is being prepared in November. There are Christmas cakes and cookies, from the recipes of many lands. (I must some day write a cook book called **COOKING WITH MARY**.) And the smells that pervade Madonna House at times are too good to be endured!

Then there is the basement and the back porch. You should see either. But especially the basement. Due to the charity of our many friends, Christmas things, that our hands will be giving out to over six hundred children and many adults . . . especially the sick, old, and shut-ins . . . begin coming early too.

So Marite, Dot, and such of the Staff, including myself, as get drafted into helping, begin "sorting things out." Big cartons line the floor. In this one go all the dolls. This next one will hold the delight of many a boy. Into it fall hundreds of small toys, tiny tractors, tops, cars, animals, balls, and other things. Nestling right next to it is the carton for the little girls.

Here I am supposed to sort . . . but you will understand when I say that instead I am busy sewing a stitch on a piece of rag with the cutest little "sewing machine that truly sews" that you ever saw. And there is a priest on the floor playing with three wound-up toys at once.

## Schools Lost In Snow

Nevertheless, slowly yet surely, all these wonders will be wrapped in gay paper and will have the name tag of a lucky boy or girl attached, and go into another huge carton labeled Madawaska School . . . St. Peter's Lake School . . . or another one of those little rural schools lost in the mountains and valleys of our beautiful land now covered with snow.

Daily someone remembers yet another name to be added to the ever-growing list, or a neighbor comes in and mentions someone who is sick, widowed, or alone. Busy fingers get busier, and laughter and song mingle with the cracking of wrapping paper. For what greater joy is there than to give joy to others?

The men's department works hard too. The cow we bought, and the pigs and chickens we raised, will have to be butchered. The boys will do that. Storm windows must go up and chinks and cracks be winterized. A busy time!

Did I mention carolling? My, my, I almost forgot! There is much practicing for same; and then close to the hallowed night, many staff members of Madonna House will bundle up — but good — take storm lanterns, and a Cross fashioned out of heavy tree branches and with a shining big star on it, and pile in the truck to go to some distant village and carol, singing their joy at the forthcoming birth of Christ.

Folks hereabouts love our carolling. And more and more villages extend us invitations to come and sing for them. Our young neighbors often join us too. The crowd grows. Isn't it nice to render glory to God with one's voice?

Christmas tree? Of course we have a Christmas tree. We get it fresh from the bush too. And our Cribs are lovely. We have two, one made by our good neighbor, Mr. Wilfred Bouchard, the other by Philip Larkin. We use them both in different houses. The Christmas wreaths are beautiful and fresh from the forest too. So is the Advent wreath we always have ready for the first Sunday of Advent.

## Back To The Cartons

Somewhere, in the middle of this article, I left the huge cartons for this or that school behind. They too go on a truck, with members of our Staff, and St. Nicholas himself, dressed up in red, and complete with beard. He will, with the help of our gang, distribute the toys at the school party. And is he a jolly fellow! Full of many jokes! Interested? Come and see.

Midnight Mass is held in our parish Church . . . and the second or third in our own chapel. The countryside is usually white. The forest trees decorated most tastefully with snow. All the houses have wreaths on their doors . . . and lights in the windows and on their Christmas trees. Sleighs with bells

on them bring a few farmers to Church! It all makes for a real old-fashioned Christmas that city folks only hear described on their radios in nostalgic songs.

We here are part of all this. Alleluia.

The Masses over, we have a collation in our gaily-decorated common room, around the crib and the tree. Then, full of holy and hilarious joy, as well as food, we open the presents that I distribute, as mothers are wont to do, one by one, from a mound that the charity of relatives and friends has brought us.

Yes Christmas is an unforgettable Holy day in Combermere, one hard to describe . . . harder even than the wonder in a child's eyes, or the happiness of a sick, old, or tired man or woman when we visit them with Christmas gifts.

Wherever you are, friends

A HAPPY, HOLY, JOYOUS CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

And MAY THE INFANT CHRIST THANK YOU, IN OUR STEAD, FOR MAKING OUR CHRISTMAS AND THAT OF SO MANY OTHERS HEREABOUTS SO HAPPY!

a soul. It appears the greater wisdom to study the soul first. We must know God. We cannot know Him unless we study. We must love and serve Him, once we know Him. At once the whole meaning of a adult life changes. It has substance and a goal.

The work of the lay apostolate seems to be the challenge of our day. The popes sounded the call. The answer to secularism, communism and other ills and isms can only be a rejuvenation of Catholicity lived. Truly, in our day, "keep the Faith" means something. Mary help us.—C.B.

Dear Editors—In "The B's Corner" you spoke of the disparity between a Catholic's knowledge of his Faith and the actual application of this knowledge to everyday situations. I believe one way this gap can be bridged is for more people to join some Third Order. Tertiaries do try to restore all things to Christ. In our group, made up of young men and women, we are proud to number Jewish and Negro converts.—C.E.

We Fear. We Do Not Love.

Dear Editors—Concerning

## OUR LADY OF LORETO



## READERS AND WRITERS

Dear Editors — In your August issue you wrote about the lack of "Catholic living" and our apparent inability to reach it. Basically, the problem facing almost all of us is "personal sanctification" and how to achieve it. How do we overcome Sunday Catholicism in favor of every day Catholicism? It must start with us parents. Our priests cannot instill a love for the faith, and the intimacies of it, in our children unless we co-operate. And this we cannot do unless we know the Faith. It seems to me we become Catholics twice, first in childhood, and later, when we come face to face with the world and its temptations. We must know God not only on the child level, but also on the adult level. The next step would be "discussion groups" supervised by competent priests.

## The Value Of A Soul

Now discussion groups oft discuss current problems such as communism. This does not seem sound because it takes very little intelligence to refute "isms" once we know the value of

the strange blank spaces in the lives of most of us . . . it is a strange and terrible truth that so many fear God, and so few love Him with all their hearts! I believe the answer must be in the word fear. Certainly it is everywhere — in the shadow of our government, on our streets, in our neighbors, in our jobs, in the confines of our very homes, in our parishes. Fear permeates the food we eat — with the spectre of heart attacks. It is in everything we read and see and hear. The world is dying of fear because it has forgotten how to love. We don't love God. We don't love each other. We don't even love ourselves as we should.

The answer is simple. God is our Father. Mary is our mother. To them we are smaller and more helpless than the infant daughters I hold in my arms. My two little ones are stronger and more secure in the eyes of God than I am, for I have grown weaker and less sure in my daily warfare with the world. I must backtrack and be a little child again. But one of the obstacles to my doing this is found, where least expected, in our par-

ishes.

## Mary Or Martha?

If one is unwise enough to say she wants to be a saint, she is told she doesn't have both feet on the ground. If one asks for a guide to the royal road to Christ, she learns that none is available. And she is told, "you're doing all right as you are; you're never going to be a Mary anyway, so settle for a Martha." Thus a little would-be saint returns to her fears, and the Mary that might have been dies slowly in the mediocre Martha because some spiritual father has spoken. Yet Christ spoke fiery words against mediocrity. Speaking for myself I shall be a Mary and a Martha too, if it be God's will, and if He helps me.

Someday God may answer our prayers and flood the world with true spiritual directors; because there are so many would-be saints chained to fear! In our world, in spite of dreadful obstacles, there are many contemplatives — orphans in a world afraid of Love.—A.J.C.

## WHERE IS FRANCOISE?

(Continued from Page Two)

who they all are. But St. Dominic and St. Catherine of Sienna must be there, because Francoise is a Dominican Tertiary, and they are her very own. And very good speakers they were too!

## With Angels Too

Some Staff Workers, including myself, promised to send our Angel Guardians to cheer hers and her up. Mine is named Ivan (John in English). He is a wonderful cheerer-upper. Just ask me. I ought to know. I have had him for ever so long!

We have not heard much from Francoise yet, except that her first lecture was to Seminarians! When we read about it, we started praying hard for her. For after thirty-three years on the lecture platform, I still will say, and will challenge anyone who contradicts me, that the real test of a lecturer is to answer ALL THE QUESTIONS A SEMINARIAN CAN THINK UP!

Another test is to keep the attention of a High School audience, male or female, for fifty solid minutes. If a Catholic Lecturer passes these tests . . . he or she has arrived at the pinnacles of lecturing. Don't believe me? Try it sometime.

But joking aside. We are happy that Francoise is in St. Boniface Diocese. It is a great place to be. For great things happen there for the Lord. My own memory of it — I lectured there too, on my way to the Yukon Territory in 1953 — is warm, loving, and most grateful. For, beginning with the Ordinary and ending with everyone else, I found nothing but kindness, generosity, vital interest in our apostolate, and a charity that truly surpasseth understanding — So we know that our Francoise, who is due back sometime in the middle of December, will return wiser, and richer in knowledge. And she will, because of her trip, serve God better.



## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

I'm going to flavor it with wintergreen."  
So she reached for the bottle, and she didn't see it said; "For external use only, or you'll all be dead."  
She poured it in the pudding and set it out to cool;  
And said "For ideas, I am nobody's fool."  
So we came to the table and each took his place.  
There was plenty of talk about toothpaste.  
And some few asked how the trick was done.  
Oh never did dessert cause so darn much fun.  
And not a soul died in the whole darn crew.  
And Madonna House had discovered something new.  
When we're low on cash and getting tired of beans  
We'll serve chocolate pudding with wintergreen!"

## Metre Versus Meat

You may think some of these lines limp a little, and that the rhymes don't exactly rhyme. But kids stuffed full of well-cooked beans or soup — and with hearts emptied of all worry and anxiety and fear — do not mind these things. Who cares about metre after meat?

And, if you look around, you'll notice that their plates are as clean as their hearts! They are not singing for their supper; they are singing to show God they appreciate what He provided for them — whatever it was — and that they love Him for all He IS as well as for all He GIVES.

## OUR YUKONITES WISH

(Continued from Page One)

led days. He stayed around, worked, ate and prayed with us, each day becoming less nervous and shaky. One night he came home beaming. He was like a happy carefree boy.

He had gone to Confession for the first time in years. I need not say we were happy too. We offered a special prayer of thanksgiving before retiring. We weren't really surprised though, for after all, this is Mary's House and we know she is taking care of it.

I realize that when this edition of Restoration reaches you it will be Christmas time. To each of you Mary-house sends the warmest greetings and best wishes for a Mary Christmas. As you receive the Infant of Bethlehem into your hearts at Midnight Mass, say a little prayer for us in the Yukon. And be assured that we will do likewise for you.



## HOW SNOW BECAME A

(Continued from Page One)

Lord Our God sent a truly snowy winter upon our land. It was all covered with many feet of white dazzling snow. Perhaps it was out of kindness that God the Father covered Russia with this heavy jewelled mantle. There were many things He might not want to look at in it, because paganism was not dead yet.

But the Christians were fervent and loved His Son much, so out of mercy for all, and love of them He just covered the unseemly sights with a nice white coat, as white as the Host. Then He did not have to look at any-



thing but the whiteness. His mercy was happy and His justice was at peace. As you know, God has a million ways of showing His love for us, His earthly children. I guess that was one of them.

## Snow Unpopular

But not everyone was happy about the snow. For there was so much that it was hard to go about one's business in it. The pagans did not like it at all, for it interfered with their strange rites in the deep forests to the gods of thunder and lightning that all seemed to be stilled by the snow. And as days went by, and it continued snowing, they got real angry, believing that the trouble was due to that new religion, Christianity, which did not make any sense to them at all.

The snow kept falling. The pagans got angrier and angrier. Finally they decided to do something about it. And the simplest thing they could think about was to find a boy and a girl, say around 10 to 12 years of age, and sacrifice them to their gods, to pacify them and make them stop that never ending snow.

In those days few people lived close to each other. But just outside an immense forest in which the pagans had built a village of logs and bark roofs, there was a tiny settlement of Christians, five or six families, all told. Each had many children. But everyone knew that, Ivan the handsome, and his wife

Tecla the good, had the most beautiful children of all.

## A Boy And A Girl

And the best of their large family were Nadejda, whom everybody called Naida, and Vsevolod, nicknamed Volia. Yes — definitely Naida and Volia were the prize of the lot. Handsome, beautiful, gay, innocent and good, they would make the right sacrificial offering. No question about that!

They decided to go into the Christian settlement and kidnap the two children. They would then make a block of ice out of the snow in the very heart of their forest, which to them was also the temple of their gods. On this ice altar, they would

Don't you remember what tomorrow is? It is the birthday of Jesus. It is the big feast of Christ-Mass. All we have to do is to pray. You remember that good old priest that visited us last Spring and read us about Jesus from a big book? It said He loved little children. And why shouldn't He? He was a child Himself and knew all about us. Also, being God, He can do all things. So, let us not be afraid, but pray!"

## Prayer And Sleep

Naida dried her tears, and the two children started to pray. Still there was a little bit of fear left in their hearts. Naida explained to God, that they could not quite get rid of it by themselves — but to please help them — for they were still quite small and did not know how to do things alone.

Soon after that they fell asleep.

It seemed to them they had slept but very little when they were awakened and dragged outside. And there was that huge block of ice . . . and all the pagans around it!

They had cleared the snow, at least much of it. They laid hands on the victims now, to lift them onto the block of ice. But the children escaped for a moment, and knelt down and cried out for help to the Infant Christ and His Mother.

## Snow In Flames!

Astonished at the strange words, the pagans paused — and then, with a terrible cry, fell back.

For, all around them, the snow was on fire!

The ice block melted into a little pool. The fire was a protecting wall around about the children. Yet little tongues of flame were already licking the soft moccasins of the pagans. They started to run . . . but each of their steps created a fire! Wherever they turned . . . the snow was aflame!

They could not escape . . . and they all burned. Then the fire became snow again, except for two or three vivid little tongues that beckoned the children to follow them and then set the snow ahead of them afire, making a clear snowless path for them all the way to their parents' house.

The Christians were all out looking for the children and so they all saw the miracle of the snow catching fire and burning brightly. And they told the story to their children . . . and the children to their children . . . and that is how you happen to hear it too.

And from this you learn that Faith is a fire sparked by the Crimson Dove, the God of Love, the Holy Ghost, Who descended on men in tongues of fire.

Be dry wood, children. Burn with the fire of Faith. And everyday you will see the miracle of the burning

snow . . . for it is seen by all those who not only keep the Faith but pass it on.

## MADONNA HOUSE PLANS

(Continued from Page One)

others, if it be His will, to place new seeds (new branches) of Friendship House.

For here we are . . . trained, ready, and willing to go to the confines of the earth . . . to be the ears, eyes, and feet of the priests, under the direction of their bishops . . . and humbly yet joyfully help them to restore the world to Christ!

Christmas time is miracle time. For the Incarnation is the greatest miracle of all. It is a good time to ask for miracles of grace and help. Will you remember these — our intentions — and pray for them too, in your charity, when you kneel at the feet of the Infant Christ?

For hasn't He said: "ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE"?

## LOOKS AT BOOKS

SUMMA OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE, by Louis of Granada, O.P., B. Herder, \$4 in the U.S.A. This is Volume I, of a series of the Venerable Dominican's books, in the "Cross and Crown Series of Spirituality." It was translated and adapted by Jordan Aumann, O.P. It has a preface, a foreword, and a general introduction. But, unlike many books in which these addenda are found, they are almost as interesting as the book itself. The introduction is a sort of biography and character sketch of the great Spanish writer and preacher. And what that Spaniard has to say is fascinating, important, and beautifully set down. For those who want spiritual reading this will be a great discovery.

It is the first of three volumes, the jacket cover explains, and treats of the existence and nature of God, the Trinity, creation, and the wonders of the universe. The second volume will discuss the virtues of Christ, and the third His life and death and the Sacraments He left us.

ST. DOMINIC, SERVANT BUT FRIEND, by Sister M. Assumpta O'Hanlon, O.P., B. Herder, Cloth \$3.50, paper \$2.00 in the U.S.A. The author, who lives in Strathfield, N.S.W., Australia, has done such a remarkably good job that nobody is particularly amazed at finding the book selling well in Canada and the U.S.A. It will probably travel all over the English-speaking world, making as many friends everywhere as it made in its native land. One sees the great founder of the Dominicans clearly in this book, and appreciates him more than ever.

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